

But I'll tell you this, Old Fellah  
(though I doubt you're over fifty),  
I sure as hell can put a stanza back together  
better than your young mechanic did my carburetor.

#### TO DAISY, WITH SPITE

daisy longfellow  
was the most beautiful and popular girl  
in mrs. botsford's ballroom dancing class.

and i, the faustian over-reacher,  
in spite of my bad skin and quivering ego,  
was somehow compelled to try to fill as many places  
as possible on her saturday evening dance card.  
sometimes she condescended  
but more often her card was (politely) filled.

dixie, i have no idea how you turned out,  
but we're both in our mid-thirties now

and i wonder if you're still all-booked  
for every dance.

#### IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

i'd fooled around with her some years before,  
but the only reason i now sat down with her  
was because there weren't any other  
vacant seats in the bar.

so this guy had to start putting the make on her  
and i didn't care if he slipped it to her  
right there on the table  
but he thought i cared  
and i knew he thought i cared  
and i knew that he was barging in  
even though he thought i cared

and i began to get pissed off  
just at the principle of the thing.

maybe he sensed that  
or maybe it was just that she was doing such  
a good job of warding him off,



but anyway just about the time i was deciding  
i'd have to give him a poke in the snoot,

he finally left the bar.

i felt bad then  
that i hadn't done anything.  
i had a couple more drinks  
and then i was sure i would never  
for the rest of my life  
forgive myself  
for not having gotten into it with him.

the next morning,  
when i woke up,  
my first thought was,

"thank god i didn't bother with that guy!"

#### AN OCCASIONAL POET

Ten years ago my good friend  
Patricia Hamilton Dominique Esme O'Connor Cherin  
has her first poem published in Wormwood Review.  
I still think that it was an excellent poem.  
It was called, I believe, "The Night I Was Donna Reed,"  
and it was about her dreams  
and their violation by reality,  
especially by the reality of a doctor  
she was briefly in love with.

The point of all this  
is that she wrote a second poem a few years ago  
and it is on the wall of her bathroom  
and I can't get her to send it out  
so I'm incorporating it into this poem  
without her permission  
because I think her second poem is her second great poem,  
and, don't worry, she isn't the sort to sue any of us.

The poem is entitled, "William of Orange,"  
and it goes:

William eats oranges.  
William is an orange.

For my money, Esme's still batting 1000.